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But man as well. To show the beautiful trails Of sweet humanity is likewise art. Yours is a spirit strong, and rich in act; Most frankly do I own it; well, be just, And mock me not, if you discern in me A man of homely sense, nor lacking quite Those higher gifts that issue from the gods. I wish no honey'd speeches from you now; Your act it was, which set my tongue at large, Your act has equal power to fetter it.

MICHAEL.

Well, sir, what would you?

JULIO.

Look you, Buonarroti, You've wounded to the quick this worthy painter, By calling him a bungler. Is he a bungler?

MICHAEL.

Why, what a plague care I, sir, what he is?

JULIO.

And do you care for art no longer, then?

MICHAEL.

Let every man look to his own concerns. I do, and there an end! Small matter 'tis To me, what others choose to say of me; If he's no bungler, why, 'tis well for him. He is a saucy varlet, that I know.

JULIO.

He is a good, kind-hearted, worthy man. This vintner is his foe, and led him wrong By telling him, you were a dyer,—yes, A supercilious conceited fellow, Prating of all things, and informed of none. He wish'd to raise your spleen 'gainst this poor man, Because he hates him.

MICHAEL.

Spake the rascal so?

JULIO.

Now then, you see, Antonio's not to blame! He did not know you.

MICHAEL.

Courtesy is due

To strangers, as to friends.

JULIO.

And did you show it?

;(MICHAEL is silent.)

But one word more, my friend, and I have done! What we have both so unexpectedly Beheld this morning must—how could it else! Have filled you with surprise no less than me. You are no purblind dullard, that in wood Carves pretty playthings, with no eyes to mark What others do. With, you, friend, art is science;

No form of it escapes your piercing glance; Therefore you know as well as I, and better, How great an artist this poor hamlet boasts. You have seen many of his pieces there

(pointing to the inn)

In the saloon; his Leda, Danaë. Not in Madonnas merely lies his skill. In Parma he has painted, as I learn, Some frescoes full of poetry and power. Go to the church there, see his "Night," and then

If his deserts appear not to your soul As bright as day, why, day will dawn no more.

(To be continued.)

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THE following description of the Great Exhibition is the best we have seen, and is taken from the London *Spectator*. It may possibly be deemed a worn subject, but the pictorial characteristics of this article give it new life, and the comments are both interesting and instructive.—EDITORS OF CRAYON.

"Let the reader transport himself to the main avenue of the Champs Elysées,—on either hand its broad walks, its slender, dusty, close-set trees, its swarming cafés, and spectacles, and stalls, and seats. Midway down the walk, the Palais de l'Industrie rears its imposing front—a decidedly favorable and striking example of the French classic, and one which we may pronounce well entitled to the permanence it is intended to obtain. Connected with the main building of white stone outside, wrought and cast iron inside, and glazed vaulting, is the straight unending Annexe, containing raw materials, machinery in motion, and a miscellany of other matter which we flinch from studying the intricate French classification sufficiently to specify in fitting order. We walk, not without exertion, to the end of the Annexe; and before us, across the Avenue Montaigne, is the entirely distinct building where the Fine Arts of the civilized world—painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving—are housed.

"Selecting the grand entrance for its coup d'œil, we pass under Elias Robert's sculptured group of France, her head rayed with a golden star, stretching forth crowns to be earned by Industry and Art, a group whose effectiveness sustains that of the entire ensemble; and we advance into the nave. The interior presents to the eye the rectangular hall of nave and side-aisles, with a single gallery above running round the entire circuit of the building, and as deep as the aisles themselves; the whole surmounted by a vaulted ceiling. Twelve stone staircases, of an effect which the French grandiloquently call "monumental," lead to the galleries. The first impression produced on the Hyde Park habitués of 1851, is that of the comparative smallness of the Paris building; the vista is less extensive, less intricate, and less peculiar. It is only when one has passed through the great circular chamber lying between the main building and the Annexe, and explored the prolonged uniformity of the latter, that this first impression is corrected, and one perceives that, in vastness of scale no less than in more essential qualities, the competition between the two great industrial efforts is bravely maintained. Another impression is that of the more complete and pre-designed ensemble of the whole; the several sections mutually assisting one another with a continuity of effect greater than characterized the London collection: and here again, in aid of the artistic French taste and arrangement which have thrown the materials into shape, we are to remember that the Annexe contains the more unwieldy and unmanageable objects, and that the works of strict art are in a separate building of their own. What remains is choice shop-stock in the main, resulting in a look more decidedly bazaar-like: and this, indeed, is the prevailing aspect of the Palais de l'Industrie—an immense and a splendid bazaar, cluttered with the show-pieces of the world, and itself, with its étalage of stone and iron-work, resembling some ideal of railway architecture. Another point that will occur to him whom Paxton's glass walls and roof encompassed with a flood of light, is the darkness of the Parisian aisles; an objection studiously combated, beyond a doubt, but not entirely surmounted. But for the present we are still taking in the coup d'œil from the nave; looking from the painted casement at one of its extremities, wherein 'La France convie les Nations à l'Exposition Universelle,' to the other, where 'l'Equité

préside à l'accroissement des Echanges;" speculating on the qualities which make these and so many other French paintings, great and small, high art and low art, so clever, so emphatic, and so powerless over the feelings; and glancing along the wealth of hangings and varied banners, which, with a touch too of dignity, enliven the walls. And first we notice the velvet and the Imperial 'N' and eagle trophies, between which, against the gallery railings, come the names of the exhibiting countries; then the large flags, frequent tricolors, and red drapery of the gallery arcade, with the countries' names repeated; and lastly, the forked pinnons midway along both semicircles of the vault, bearing the names of renowned and teeming cities.

"Standing in the centre of the nave, or reclining on one of its luxurious divans with our face to the grand entrance, we find the entire aisle in front of us covered by the vista, the ever active, ever ingenious smother of the French industry. In the superimposing gallery, a slice of this space on the right hand is cut out for the Pontifical States, bordered by their chafing neighbor Sardinia; to the left, another slice by Portugal, Spain (who covers a less space than her small sister), and Switzerland. The rest is still France. Immediately behind our back lies the territory 'annexed' by the United States. Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Wurtemberg, Saxony, and Bavaria, with other German States, follow to the left. Over the right, half Great Britain reigns unchallenged. Her corresponding section of the gallery affords a corner, and one of considerable extent, to her own India: here, also, along the line of junction between the south and north galleries, Egypt, Tunis, Turkey, China, Greece, and Tuscany find room; South America in gallery overlooks United States on ground floor; while Denmark, Sweden, and the Low Countries, occupy the western portion, and link the Germanic lands with Switzerland. Thus, roughly speaking, France may be said to hold nearly one half of the Palace of Industry properly so called; Great Britain nearly a moiety of the remaining half; the rest of the world the residue.

"To ask the reader to take a figurative walk with us through the huge building, to which France alone contributes objects congregated and classified under upwards of eleven thousand and several numbers, were futile; the walk, according to the limit of our opportunity, would become a run—the run a scamper. Hints and jottings of here and there something conspicuous must do instead.

"One of the contributions which first strikes the visitor's eye by its vividness and beauty of color—to engage his judgment afterwards by its important purpose—is a light-house lantern, with revolving light; reminding one of the similar object exhibited in Hyde Park. Steigewald of Bavaria sends some of the most beautiful and remarkable glass, netted or laced, as it were, with a gold pattern, light, brilliant, and moresco-looking. Some massive glass chandeliers in another spot recall the solidity and great scale of Osler's Fountain. Regarding the display of glass generally, whether from France or elsewhere, it certainly comprises many skillful and favorable examples, such as would be almost universally called elegant or pretty, or sweet, or some other name of laudation; yet it fails, like all modern work with very rare exceptions, to attain to anything deserving the title of positive beauty. We took the glass of Mougin Brothers, of Portieux, as offering a fair average specimen, and looked through it with some care from this point of view, and found the result decisive. In painted window-glass, France stands high relatively to other nations; being able to take up all styles—Byzantine, mediæval, or the manner of modern designing—and apply them with considerable success as

a matter of imitation or endeavor; beyond which point the art must now advance if it is to be of any serious value. A pattern in greenish and orange yellows, in a window of the Compagnie des Cristalleries de St. Louis, is a very good work of its class. In other instances, the French show a predilection for affectedly artificial tones of color; that of the Belgians is weak. Birmingham sends some painted glass, in virtue of which England holds a respectable place.

"As we pass, the eye selects from the ordered chaos of objects presented to it here, a case of French artificial flowers, singularly illusive; a black lace shawl from Bayeux, chosen by the Empress, and perfect in its working; a collection of altars, fountains, &c., by Vossy of Montrouge, with some fine floral decoration and talented figure-carving; a trophy of swords and musketry, arranged with the unfeeling French nicety, beyond the rivalry of a similar contribution from Prussia; a plaster group of two eagles, which ranks among the best works of the fine arts order in this part of the Universal Exhibition; silk stockings of gossamer fineness; cottons by Toussaint and Mayer, of fine taste in their reds and greys; and Best & Co.'s specimens of the progress of wood-engraving for some years past. Now it is elaborate and massive French book-binding, bestowing its decorative luxury indifferently on a breviary, a novel, or a ledger; now statues reduced or augmented by mechanical process, and in a style of considerable vulgarity; ivory lamps; 'photographie artistique'; Riffaut's skillful heliographic engravings on steel; an enormous Romanesque portico, by Virebent of Toulouse, who modestly professes the 'construction, restoration, and reproduction, of the monuments of the middle ages.' There is some clever 'poterie d'étain,' by Madame Groll of Munich; lamps and other objects in varnished metal, by Stobwasser of Berlin, with abominably smooth paintings, which seem to have captivated the taste of purchasers; and a large and very finished and effective display of electrical articles, also from Prussia. The United States send objects of all kinds, from a plate to a bust, in patent hardened India-rubber; Lyons is embodied in row after row of silk and velvet; and Mexico glows and flashes in the Iris hues of her stuffed birds.

"A spacious circular apartment, midway between the Palace and the Annex, receives the productions of the Imperial manufactories of Sevres porcelain and Gobelins tapestries; and the visitor, who has admired individual examples of the same branches of industrial art along his path, is compelled to admit that here he finds an extraordinary pitch and uniformity of excellence. In pottery and porcelain, however, England also shows to very conspicuous advantage. Our Wedgwoods, our Copelands, Morleys, and Mintons, have exerted themselves to do honor to themselves and their country, and have succeeded; a British vase with a lily of the valley decoration is one of the most truly beautiful designs in the collection. Indeed, our impression is, that English taste in these matters, if less lively and ingenious, is certainly purer. A Gothic sideboard of lordly size exhibited by Crace may, for instance, match or surpass anything of the kind from France. Not in one branch of art industry, however, but in all, France shines; after Froment Meurice's gold and silver work, not to speak of others, one instantly feels, on passing to English work of similar description, a sense of dense solidity, cumbrously costly, and floundering in its attempts at the light and elegant; while, on the other hand, some of the best of our work—and we particularly noticed Storr and Mortimer's contributions—is palpably after French designs, if not executed by French workmen.

"Let us glance at the works more immediately connected with artistic production and reproduction. The admitted supremacy of French lithography is more than manifest at

the Exhibition; some Spanish lithographs also, by Martinez, after designs from Don Quixote and pictures by Velasquez and others, are clever and effective, if not remarkably refined. The English lithographs are arranged in a line with photographs by many of our best practitioners,—specimens of Baxter's oil-color printing; engravings of the London and Glasgow Art Unions; studies, often creditable, from our Department of Science and Art; and other such contributions. German color-printing does not appear to have been carried to a point of illusion equal to what we have attained in imitation water-color designs. Schwarz of Cassel sends encaustic pictures on canvas, plaster, &c., some of which have been exposed to the weather for thirteen months without fading or apparent injury—and more's the pity, one feels tempted to add.

"Between the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and that of 1855, the general style or system adopted in all manner of design and production has probably taken a more decided and clearly-marked form and bent—on the one hand to the Gothic, on the other to what may be distinctively called the modern French, being the condition to which, after various modifications, the course of time has brought Renaissance art. France herself exemplifies both these forms, and to her baneful activity in the first, the incessant Gothic restorations progressing in all parts of the country testify but too well. French art proper is, strictly speaking, 'without form and void'—arbitrary in its modes, and without a central vivifying thought and sentiment. It is an art of finish, perfection, completeness, cleverness; it loses simplicity in profusion, purity in so-called elegance, and appropriateness in ingenuity. There is little delight in it, little invention; but endless surprise and refurbishing of old materials to look like new. One may observe, moreover, a reaction naturally incidental to these characteristics. French art is essentially florid. It overdoes things—turns heroics into histrionics, and decoration into vicious luxuriance. Yet one of its most manifest traits is an artificial severity—rigidity of gesture, wiry clearness of outline, and negativens of color. These qualities are most visible in exceptional works, but they have an influence on the most ordinary, and distinguish the particular movement of the time. The whole thing is so artificial that simplicity becomes the most telling of artifices. We recognize heartily and without reserve the extreme excellence and lavish talent of French work, and the splendid exemplification of these qualities in the Palais de l'Industrie. Its good taste is proverbial; but the good taste is that of a cultivated exquisite, not of an Athenian artist or a Gothic limner. English work, vastly inferior as it mostly is to French in delicacy, completeness, and elaboration, is more hopeful in virtue of that very inferiority. It has learned less thoroughly to be satisfied with the means as a substitute for the end, and has more room for thought.

"In general terms, however, England and the rest of Europe may be classed with France as practitioners of the same system in matters of decoration and industrial art. It is to the east we must turn for true beauty and splendor, and trembling sensitiveness of fine taste in these matters. Tunis, and Egypt, and India, with their magic colors and tissues, now regally gorgeous, now simply serviceable, but ever exquisitely pure, and chaste forms for every commonest article, and decoration rich or refined as may be needed, teach us a lesson which, however slow the 'civilized' communities may be to learn it, and however much it might need to be modified in its application, cannot be forgotten. The severe and uncompromising critic would cherish nine-tenths of the Oriental collection, and rid the world of nineteen-twentieths of the European.

"The limits of tolerance and intolerance in matters of Art present a question of considerable curiosity and interest, which is cogently forced on the attention in contemplating collections so huge in scale as those now in Paris; and we may find something to say on the subject when we come to speak of the Exhibition of Fine Art."

Correspondence.

LONDON, October 15.

DEAR MR. STILLMAN:—

* * * * *

Your first question, "What do we learn from pictures?" I have a long special chapter on, in the third volume of *Modern Painters*, headed, "Of the Use of Pictures." It is really too wide a question to be otherwise answered; but, surely, what I wrote about the function of the *artist* involves an answer to this also.*

"What is the distinction between Pre-Raphaelitism and such Art as that of Wilkie and Mulready?" None, so far as Wilkie and Mulready are *sincere*, but neither of them is so more than half. Wilkie is wholly false and conventional in color; Mulready usually so in arrangement and sentiment; a great imitator also of Dutch pictures, in his early works. I am wrong in saying None—also in this respect:—Pre-Raphaelitism being natural with heroic and pathetic subjects of the highest order, which neither Wilkie nor Mulready ever dared to attempt. So, in few words, Wilkie and Mulready are only *half* sincere or natural, and that only in familiar subject: the Pre-Raphaelites are *wholly* sincere and natural, and in heroic subject. Dante Rossetti is at this moment painting a holy family with the most exquisite naturalism.

I am delighted with all your criticism in *THE CRAYON*. It is full of sense and justice. —I mean by yours, the editorial. The other matter is also very interesting and good. I think you should be well pleased with your London contributor.

Most truly yours, J. RUSKIN.

I KNOW few things more unpleasing in a picture than too great smoothness: there are no objects in nature perfectly smooth except polished objects and glass; all other objects are varied by innumerable lights, reflections, and broken tints: perhaps no man ever understood this fact better than Rembrandt; and it is this which renders his drag, his scratch with the pencil-stick, and his touch with the palette-knife, so true to nature, and so delicious to an eye capable of being charmed by the treasures of the palette: and it is the want of this which renders Wouwermans and other painters of high excellence in other respects comparatively insipid.—*Sir George Beaumont.*

THERE is an instinctive sense of propriety and reality in every mind; and it is not true, as some great authority has said, that in art we are satisfied with contemplating the work without thinking of the artist. On the contrary, the artist himself is one great object in the work. It is embodying the energies and excellences of the human mind, as exhibiting the efforts of genius, as symbolizing high feeling, that we most value the creations of art; without design, the representations of art are merely fantastical, and without the thought of a design acting upon fixed principles in accordance with a high standard of goodness and truth, half the charm of design is lost.—*Mrs. Jameson's Common-place Book.*

* See No. 26, Vol. II.